

Urusei Yatsura WG - Big Beautiful Dreamer

By Dr-Black-Jack

Chapter 2

The news had hit every major tabloid.

Ataru's face was plastered across every billboard and television. Radio stations nationwide were making waves about the fate of the world resting in the hands of a single, lecherous young man without any special skills, talents or morals to say the least.

People across the globe were preparing for the end.

"We never should have had him..." choked Ataru's parents as a reporter waved a microphone in their faces. "If he fails...we will make sure we take full responsibility..."

"Oh come on, I'm not that bad, am I?!"

Ataru pushed past the throng of reporters that had mobbed his house. Things were looking dicey but he at least had to try. Microphones and cameras were thrust in his face left, right and center but still he pushed past them all.

"Alright, get out of my way! And watch the clothes! I'm going on a date."

More questions erupted from the crowd. How could he think about getting his rocks off at a time like this? Who would be so important that the fate of the world had to wait for coffee and cake! It had only been one day but already he was tired of all the noisy people trying to tell him what to do.

"I've said it once and I'll say it again. The princess' dad got a little pissed that I called his daughter fat so today I'm going to make it up to her. Maybe if we do that, he'll relax the conditions of the game or maybe even go home all together. If you don't want us all to be

enslaved by Oni, then just let me go on my way and I'll be more than happy to tell you if I got an alien booty afterwards.”

This would be in fact the first time, if ever, that he would have gotten any booty from any girl. He may have done his fair share of dating and hitting on women left right and centre, but even he knew that sex was a step that he hesitated in delving into. That would mean children and eventually being tied down which would put an end to his endless quest. Ataru was in it for the game, but he did have a reputation to uphold so he boasted like any male his age would. It's not like he expected Lum or her father to be listening in anyway.

By the time he got to the train station, she was already waiting for him.

“Hey there Ataru, I just got here, da-cha! That's what you're supposed to say, right?”

While she did look a vision of beauty the night before, that was nothing compared to how Lum dazzled in the daylight. She arched her back against a lamp post, almost as though she was preparing to mount it. Her tiger print bikini fit snugly against her abundant curves which oozed out and over the little fabric that covered them. Ataru had never seen such a scantily clad woman move around in public and needless to say, it stirred some of his more primal emotions.

“Actually, you're supposed to say that after I apologize for getting her late. S-sorry about that.”

“That's okay! Where are we going to go today?”

Ataru thought about his options. He didn't exactly have a lot of time to plan since the night before, but maybe he could just do what he did with his date yesterday. That seemed to go well enough after all.

“Well, how about I show you around the roller rink? Getting some exercise sounds like a great way to-”

Ataru froze.

He could feel an icy glare pierce him from a distance. More specifically, it emerged from behind the female bathrooms. Every thought and emotion urged him to keep his eyes fixed on Lum in front of him but still he could not help but give into his impulses. He spotted Shinobu's hand creeping over the edge of the marbled tile as her long dark hair emerged around the corner like a ghost from a horror film.

“Is something wrong?”

“I-I...”

The short, pudgy fingers beckoned to him as Lum tilted her head in confusion. He had to put a stop to this now otherwise it would continue for the entire duration of the date.

“I need to go to the bathroom first! I'll be right back!”

“Okay! I'll be waiting!”

Lum smiled warmly as she rocked on her tiptoes to give an energetic wave. Ataru made a mad dash for the toilet stalls and out of sight. Shinobu was waiting there, busily munching on a packet of potato chips.

“What is it?” Ataru hissed, half whispering, half shouting. “Now's not the time to get jealous!”

“I know that!” Shinobu hissed back through a mouthful of snacks. “But I got to thinking about what you said last night and had a feeling you were going to mess up. Where are you two going today?”

“I don't know, maybe the roller rink? The exercise might do good to help tone her-”

Shinobu dug her salt covered fingers into his eyes. Ataru did everything he could to suppress an anguished yelp as he felt them sting.

“Moron! That's why I knew you'd mess this up! Listen, she's already fatter than I am so you should use that to your advantage! You have basically nine days to take her on as many fattening, food-filled adventures to get her as stuffed and out of shape as possible so that on the tenth day you can just swoop in and win the contest!”

“A-are you telling me to purposefully make her fat?” Ataru whined through tear streaked eyes. “You're asking me to ruin that girl's figure so I can just beat her in a game of tag? That's not really my style you know...I mean...people would comment...”

“What, that you're dating a fat chick? Oh grow up, Ataru. You need to put that lecherous mind to work and use that to your advantage. Think of how big her breasts would get if she put on a few more pounds!”

Shinobu had a point. These were dire times and the allure of those massive melons growing ever rounder was quite a motivator. Maybe she would be one of those types of girls who only gained weight in her chest too, which was also a possibility he had to consider. In either case, he certainly would have an advantage during the game.

“Now listen, I know every fattening restaurant in this city! I've had a talk with that guy in the suit and the government has agreed to waive your bill for the next few days for the good of mankind so you'd better get your asses over there and stuff her like you've never stuffed a girl before!”

“But I’ve never stuffed a girl before!”

“Then figure it out! Tell her that this is an Earth custom and make her believe it!”

“I don’t know...this sounds all too complicated for a date...”

“I’ll let you touch my bare boobs if you make her gain ten pounds.”

“Well then, what are we waiting for? The train is about to leave!”

Ataru emerged from the impromptu planning meeting, a new man. He had never felt more motivated to show the princess a good time. His thoughts were clear and his pants were...tight...which made him waddle back to the waiting Lum in an awkward stance.

Shinobu breathed a heavy sigh of relief as she collapsed back against the wall and emptied the rest of the bag of potato chips into her mouth.

For a Monday morning, the roller rink was packed with people.

The inevitable threat of an alien species intending to enslave humanity really put a lot of things into perspective. Work, school and other human worries faded away in the face of ‘the bigger picture’ which had led to an impromptu holiday week being declared. While this was great news for the stressed out office workers of Japan, it was mortifying for Ataru.

“Aww damn it! I thought we could finally go somewhere that we couldn’t be seen! My public image is going to be ruined if people see me with this cow out in public!”

He balled a frustrated fist in his pocket and kept his eyes firmly glued to the floor as Lum gently floated alongside him. She marveled at the lights and sounds of the enormous building as they entered the domed structure, immediately drawn to the polished wooden floor at its center which was rimmed with neon lights.

“Wow! So this is the ‘roller rink!’” Lum squealed as she began to pump her arms in excitement. “You put on shoes with wheels and get to glide around! It’s so simple but it looks so fun! Humans really do come up with some great things!”

Ataru was all too aware of this. As one of the cool new attractions to finally spring up in his sleepy little town, he was very much looking forward to making his debut here with a cute girl at his side to skate around with. Thoughts of watching her stumble and offering to teach her, seizing her by the hand as they glided effortlessly around the ring while jealous onlookers stared were all dashed as he cringed at the idea of dragging Lum’s chubby arm behind him like some kind of embarrassing blow up doll.

“Huh? Oh yeah, but we need to make sure you get fitted for your skates before we go there.”

The only saving grace of this whole predicament was that he didn't actually have to bring her out onto the floor. His eyes glanced over the sea of people milling about until he spotted his real objective.

“Why don't we take a break and have a little refreshment first?”

“Sure!”

Alongside such attractions were often a variety of fast food stands and a game center. Cheap, yet fattening treats such as popcorn, burgers, hotdogs and soda were the usual fare and were always plentiful. Even though it was far from gourmet, and usually overpriced, there was something about eating amongst the light and sounds which made you want to try it all. This atmosphere went doubly so for Lum who had made it a point to try one of 'everything' which Ataru begrudgingly facilitated.

“Whoa, is she really going to eat all of that?”

“That guy's super pussy whipped if he's coughing up for a girl with that appetite.”

“I'm glad my girlfriend barely eats anything.”

Even in those crowded halls, Ataru's ears were going redder and redder with every trip he made to and from the food kiosk. This was exactly what he was afraid of happening and while Lum continued to eat, those feelings continued to eat him up inside. He laid his head down on the table along with the fifth and sixth tray of greasy fries and microwave pizza that he set down before Lum.



“You really should eat, you know. This food is really good!”

“I...don't have much of an appetite right now...”

“Really? Are you feeling alright?”

Lum licked her plump fingers clean and gently pressed her palm to his forehead to feel for his temperature. Ataru immediately erupted from his seat and began waving his hands out in front of himself defensively.

“W-whoa! W-what are you doing?”

“Just checking to see if you had caught a space virus. I would have felt terribly guilty if you had caught something from me after you had taken me to such a nice place. Judging by how quickly you sat up, it looks like you're feeling fine now, which makes me glad!”

Lum smiled serenely at him as she sipped her third ice cream float. He might not have had a fever, but he could feel the heat rising to his cheeks nonetheless.

“Hey, check out the chubby cosplayer and her loser date. She's waayyy too fat to think she can pull that off in public.”

Ataru's thoughts were still around Lum's hands upon his face as he heard the latest insult being slung his way. Before he had even realized it, he clapped his own hands around Lum's ears and chubby cheeks. He shot a dirty glare at the guy who had made the insult, keeping their eyes locked as he rounded the corner and out of sight.

“Um...excuse me please...What is it that you are doing, exactly?”

Still sipping her soda, Lum tilted her head slightly with a quizzical look on her face. Once his brain had finally caught up to his reactions, he immediately let go and slid back across the table to his seat.

“I was...uh...also checking you...for Earth viruses...”

Lum practically inhaled the last of her soda as the smile on her face only grew wider. Her chubby cheeks dimpled at the thought of a potential human slave actually caring for her wellbeing.

“That's alright! I got all my shots before the armada arrived! Even so...thank you for your consideration!”

“S-sure...I knew that...”

Lum slammed the glass back down on the table amongst the empty trays and discarded cardboard containers. Her once plush paunch was now considerably rounder as it bulged out over the top of her panties. Ataru could have sworn she put on at least five pounds since they had set foot through the door but it was difficult to see her amidst all the strobe lights.

“Wow, that was great! I’m absolutely stuffed! Let’s go do the actual skating part now!”

Without a second thought, she had taken his hand and dragged him out of his chair. It took barely a blink of an eye before Ataru realized that he was on the rink floor with Lum neatly lacing up his shoes for him. He could not help but cringe a little as he watched her pooch of a belly bulge and jiggle as she crouched, easily spilling over her bikini bottom by a few more inches.

“There we go! Now, let’s have some fun!”

In truth, Ataru had only dabbled in skating on one or two occasions in his life. He could stand and move around without immediately falling on his ass, so he at least thought he could stand out a bit more compared to Lum whom he was certain had never attempted this before. This made it all the more surprising when he saw her neatly tuck her arms behind her back and begin to expertly zig-zag her way across the room.

“Weeee! This is fun isn’t it, da-cha?”

With a flexibility and grace entirely unexpected of a girl her size, she soon hit maximum speed and flawlessly executed as many tricks as she could. She flipped and twirled this-way and that, never once laying into the potentially clumsy fat girl stereotype which Ataru had been expecting. It appeared that none of the other rink guests were expecting that either as skaters and onlookers began to gather around her to watch the show unfold.

“Come on, Ataru! Join me!”

There wasn’t even time to mouth a word of protest. On what had to have been her fortieth or fiftieth lap in such a short span of time, she had effortlessly seized him by the hand and yanked him into the centre of the room. Together, they engaged in what appeared to be a perfectly choreographed and exotic dance as they twirled about in each other’s arms. Ataru’s hands initially seized as Lum placed it squarely on the rolls of backfat behind her, but they soon relaxed as he got caught up in her pace.

“T-this...this isn’t too bad...”

Much like a person who has never made contact with a reptile before, there is often an initial belief that they are slimy or otherwise uncomfortable to handle. Ataru had to admit that his initial bias against larger women also stemmed from such misconceptions. He had thought that she would be greasy or sticky, but was surprised to find how soft and plush she was to the touch. Lum was clearly levitating everytime she bent low, but she did allow his fingers to sink further

and further into her rolls as he literally swept her off her feet. The scent of her long hair as it swept past his face combined with the texture of her pudgy between his fingers, immediately elicited thoughts of sliding his hands across a juicy pair of buns slicked with a flowery cologne.

“Catch me, Ataru!”

“Wait, what?!”

For her grand finale, she had let his hand go as she took one final run around the edge of the rink. She had built up speed as she gracefully launched herself towards him, guiding her descent through her levitation just enough to not be noticed by the untrained eye.

Ataru shut his untrained eyes, winced and then opened them again.

Where any other man would have been crushed by a sudden and unexpected weight, he was surprised to find himself holding her aloft with her belly firmly packed into the palm of his outstretched hand above him.

“Her belly....it’s so warm...and soft...like...A BREAST!”

The acknowledgement hit him like a wave that sent him into a spin. In truth, this was actually the result of the speed and angle of Lum’s descent that gradually became a gentle twirl as he begrudgingly lowered her back to the floor. Her belly freed itself from his grasp as she raised their joined hands in triumph to the thunderous applause of the room.

“You were great, Ataru!” Lum smiled cheerfully as she took a polite bow. “Thank you so much for taking me here!”

“S-sure...anytime!”

Fatness wasn’t as unpleasant as he had initially thought. He had felt up Shinobu’s chunky body plenty of times, but only through her clothing. It was an entirely different feel when it was bare skin contact.

Ataru stared at their joined hands; Lum’s pudgy fingers interlocked with his. He continued to stare at his own as they returned their skates, exited the rink and waited at the station for their ride back home. He never took his eyes off them once as he was forced to eventually break their entanglement as he waved Lum goodbye and sauntered slowly towards his house underneath the setting sun.

He reached into his back pocket and looked at his notes that he had furiously scribbled down the day before.

He would have to revise his theory.

