

Urusei Yatsura WG - Big Beautiful Dreamer

By Dr-Black-Jack

Chapter 1

Ataru Moroboshi could never decide if he was a tits or ass man.

It was a particularly distressing question for him as by this point in his life, he felt that he should have had at least an inkling of which way he wanted to go. A grown man should have direction in his life otherwise he wouldn't know which girls he would want to pursue. He mulled over the options as he strolled back home from his latest date.

That chick he had met at the gym, ol'...Miko-chan? Or was it Fuyumi-chan?... had a really top notch set of tits. They were far larger than his girlfriend Shinobu's, but he could not help but feel that he could find a new girl with even bigger ones if only he had a little more time. The breast size of the average Japanese woman wasn't exactly stellar compared to the VHS tapes he had seen of American girls in the west. Those girls were practically pouring out of their star-spangled bikinis, but it was not like he would ever leave the country any time soon.

Bigger breasts had an allure to them which no red blooded high schooler could ever deny. Even the other girls in his class envied any girl who had a chest larger than their own. They were soft and plump, felt wonderful to put your face into and whenever he gave one a squeeze, the girl behind them would make the most delightful squeal. Sometimes this was followed up by a solid slap to the face but it was worth it every single time.

He paused for a moment to pull out his address book with all the names and numbers of his prospective conquests and recorded his thoughts. This was all too insightful to risk losing.

On the subject of slapping, watching a deliciously plump booty ripple with a well timed palm was equally as mesmerizing. He should know, as Ataru had grabbed quite a few of them by now. Aiko-Chan, a girl he had picked up from behind the video rental store was one such girl, hiding her captivatingly enormous rump behind the counter all that time. He could not discount that by default they were already often thicker and juicier than even the largest G cups and were more

readily available across a wider array of women. But was it really a question of quality vs quantity if you broke it down further?

Ataru began to scribble furiously, illustrating two aspects of thick, meaty, globular orbs along with his notes.

Japanese girls weren't exactly the most curvaceous by default, but a bubble ass which hung like a sexy peach from both tight jeans and loose skirts in the summer breeze was often at the centerfolds of his dirty magazines. Where cleavage and visibility were the draw of large breasts, the thickest of asses could hold a man's allure even when entirely enclosed. He recalled seeing a recent music video from the states denoting how big butts were being taken notice of as well so perhaps there was a biological component to this after all which spanned the cultural gap.

He stared down at the drawings he had made. A detailed pair of thick, tear-shaped breasts hung braless from the top right hand corner of the page, ready to be fondled and milked, while the juiciest pair of hips were conjoined to an ass so fat you could serve a breakfast tray on them jiggled their way onto the bottom left. The words he had written flowed around them and occupied the vast majority of the center, each point an insightful argument and counter argument that no one could deny.

It was here where the problem lay.

Ataru may have been a shallow, five timing womanizer who chased any skirt he could, but he had standards. Titty and Ass at their core elements were more or less globes of fat and the larger you went on either of them, so too did you would they expand into the girl's middle.

Fat women were simply a no go for Ataru, of that he was sure. They were hedonistic, selfish eating machines who probably didn't bathe or take care of themselves. It didn't matter how thick their breasts were or how juicy their ass had become, if it was a vision marred by the presence of a disgustingly jiggle belly, then the allure was entirely broken. Granted, he had never been with a fat woman before but he had read enough manga and had heard enough tales to learn from the experiences of others what dating one of them would be like. There was simply not enough time for that as he had more attractive women to pursue.

He stared at the words he had written on the page and hovered his pencil over them. The thoughts he had plucked from his mind swelled that midsection yet he could not bring himself to trim any of that excess fat. Every point he had made was valid and mimicked the inevitable correlation between a bigger version of either with a bigger 'everything' in general. The struggle was real and sent his mind capitulating back and forth upon stormy thoughts.

Such was the curse of loving all sorts of women...within reason...

As Ataru's mind wandered, so too did a stray baseball from a nearby field. The players had called out to him numerous times but he had failed to notice until it was too late. The fly ball had

clocked him square in the face and sent him tumbling to the ground as his notebook spilled from his hand and into the dusty dirt path.

“Motherfuckers! God damn, sunnsovbitches!”

“Ahem.”

Ataru raised his head, still cursing under his breath, as he cradled the red welt which throbbed between his eyes. A wrinkly, prune face met his and leaned right into his personal space.

“You ought to watch your language in front of a man of the cloth.”

The tiny, shriveled monk was so close that Ataru could smell the booze on his breath. The young man immediately recoiled in horror as he clawed his way backwards through the dirt.

The monk’s hooked staff jostled as he flipped over Ataru’s notebook which had landed by his feet. He began to study it with great interest, ‘umming’ and ‘ahhing’ while Ataru got his bearings. Embarrassed, the young man marched over and snatched it from the monk’s grasp without a word.

“That’s quite a chubby you have there young man! Do you need me to help you with that?”

Ataru snatched the monk’s staff and clobbered him squarely across the head multiple times. Steam rose off the mountain range of bumps and dents which erupted from the monk’s bald head from the sheer ferocity of the thrashing he received.

“I ain’t into guys, you old perv. Go jerk yourself off if you wanna feel a sausage between your fingers.”

The only fingering which Ataru would be giving would be his middle one as he flipped the monk the bird as he walked away. The monk wobbled to his feet with an outstretched hand as he picked himself up.

“W-wait, I believe you have misunderstood me...I meant no disrespect...I was merely pointing out the drawing you had sketched out! That correlated with your unlucky facial features tell me that you tread a dangerous path if you continue down that way!”

“I happen to live down this way!” Ataru sighed, exasperated with the old man. “If you think you can trick me into going into some skeezy night club, you’ve got the wrong guy. Go peddle your Buddhist themed bar somewhere else.”

The old man rocketed forward with a speed that betrayed his small stature. In mere steps he had his staff pressed once again against Ataru’s throat.

“No, you dumbass, I mean your fetish! Liking big boobs and big asses is as the good lord intended it, but you tread a dangerous path if you seek larger and softer parts. Trust me boy, I have a premonition that your insatiable lust for fat women will be the end of you!”

“Well it’s a good thing I don’t like them then! I only like sexy chicks with a big rack or nice hips! Didn’t you read what I wrote down?”

“I read between the lines, my son,” the monk continued. “You wrestle with a duality which many have faced before you and all have reached the same conclusion. Avoid fat women, I implore you! It is for your own good!”

The monk pointed his gnarled staff at his face menacingly.

“Once a big girl gets her mitts on you, it’s all over! You’ll never escape and become her slave! I’ve seen it happen before! But luckily for you, my friend has come up with but one simple trick in order to avoid-”

“Whatever you old geezer, I’m not buying any of your diet books either.”

Ataru shoved the staff out of the way and kept walking, leaving the monk to nurse his bruised head. The monk clapped his hands before him and said a short prayer before waddling off in the opposite direction.

“What an ungrateful kid! Still, I do hope nothing horrible befalls him for his hubris.”

The entire exchange had not gone unnoticed. A pair of binoculars twinkled behind tinted glass of a rather regal looking car parked only a little further down the road. Little did Ataru know that the car had been there for some time, waiting for him on his way back home from school.

“Is that our man?” Said a suited agent as he turned the focus dials of the binocular over in his hand.

“Yes,” sighed his white bearded superior. “Unfortunately, he is the one we have been waiting for.”

“Shall we acquire the package then?”

“I don’t think we have a choice.”

Rubber burned into the asphalt as the car rocketed backwards. Ataru had barely a moment to gasp as two heavies in black suits, ties and shades grabbed him by the shoulders and hurled him into the back seat. A rather angular, older looking gentleman poured him a drink while fingering a rather important looking, jeweled cane.

“Thirsty?”

Ataru swung wildly at the extended drink. The bearded man effortlessly moved it out of the way as though anticipating the move.

“What the hell is up with the old perverts being out today! Like I would accept some drugged up drink! I’ll have you know I’ve never once taken it up the ass and I don’t intend to start now!”

“Believe me, Moroboshi-san, I haven’t either. I apologize for the rudeness of my subordinates but we are unfortunately short of time.”

The initial shock of the situation was fading and by the time Ataru had his bearings, he became aware of the low whirring sounds echoing from outside the car. He peeked outside to see that they were flanked by not one or two but an entire squadron of military helicopters. The closer they drew to his house, the more of them he could see. Tanks lined his neighborhood streets with sandbags and anti-aircraft battlements erected where a corner store once did business. They turned the street to reveal his entire neighborhood had coated in razor wire and had so many soldiers urgently mobilizing back and forth, extricating his neighbors and piling them into similar cars to his own.

The car jerked to a halt which sent him careening forward and face first into a cloud of tarry black soot located in the car’s center console.

“Alright, we’re here,” said the bearded man firmly. “Please extricate yourself from my ashtray and get inside. There is much we need to discuss.”

“Ataru! Thank goodness you’re alright!”

No sooner had he gotten through the door, than a pair of chubby arms had wrung themselves around his neck and shoulders to pull him into a tight embrace. Ataru smiled reflexively as he felt his chest sink into a pair of wobbling tits.

“O-oh Shinobu! What are you doing here? I-I was just coming back from after-school-club. You look like you’ve been eating well.”

They both knew that was a bare faced lie, but there were more pressing matters at hand.

“Haven’t you been watching the news? You’re all over it! I was so worried I rushed right over!”

Ataru could feel his smile widen as she pulled him into a tighter embrace. He stopped when he felt the burgeoning rolls of back fat she had started to develop and only resumed as his fingers glided towards the curvature of her ass.

“Geez girl, you’re getting kind of heavy. Maybe we should tell mom you won’t be eating dinner toni-”

“ATARU!”

Mr Moroboshi cut his son’s comment off mid sentence as his mother stood weeping beside him. He extended a stern finger towards the living room and stared with an intensity that broke his girlfriend’s embrace. Ataru obediently marched forward and peered inside.

“What’s the big deal, pops? If it’s about the magazines under my bed-”

Ataru felt his blood turn to ice.

The man before him was gigantic. In more ways than one, he filled the room right up to the ceiling in a tiger skinned leotard complete with a pair of striped horns. Rounded fangs bulged from his mouth as even a single one of his enormous hands could effortlessly squeeze the life out of Ataru if he wanted to. Ataru bolted back out the door.

“I-it’s an ogre! A-an oni from mythological times! W-where’s the soybeans! W-we need an exorcism!”

The bearded older man sighed before seizing Ataru by the shoulders and pushed him back into the room. This time, he shut the door behind them.

“Come now, Ataru. This is Mr Invader. He’s our guest from another galaxy and he would like to speak with you about something very important.”

In a voice which betrayed the enormous, looming figure’s size, the gigantic ogre of a man bowed politely and introduced himself with all the flare of a used car dealer salesman. He even had the same slicked back, greasy hair more suited to a sleazy pimp than a monster bent on destruction. The gargantuan man produced a business card amidst the forest of thick, curly chest hair protruding from the V shaped gap in his skin tight outfit and presented it to him.

“How’d ya do! You’ve been selected at random by our people to participate in a game for the fate of your planet. If you win, we’ll not invade your planet and your people won’t have to be induced into a life of slavery. Otherwise, we’ll take everything and ransack your resources and have you endure an eternity of torment. Doesn’t that sound like a fair deal?”

Ataru was speechless. He wordlessly grasped the enormous business card as he allowed the man’s words to sink in. He then immediately made a break for the door.

“Now hold on, you little shit,” said the bearded man as they struggled at the doorway. “Didn’t you hear what he said?!”

“I did hear what he said! Every word of it! Why do you think I’m trying to get out of here!”

“Oh my,” Mr Invader laughed heartily with a voice loud enough to shake the room. “Such a fuss over a little game for your freedom. Listen, it’s only fair that we give you guys a fighting chance to save yourselves because that’s the kind of stand up folk we are. All you have to do is beat our champion and we’ll pack up and go home without a word. You won’t find a more fair offer.”

The bearded man bowed his head low in reverence. It pained him to have to do so before such a spineless and selfish person.

“Please Ataru-San, the entire world is at stake here! Dedicate your young life to saving us!”

“Are you shitting me?! You’re not the one who has to do a 1v1 battle against a living mountain! Look at the size of him!”

“Um, well I never said the game was one of battle, really” said the living mountain of a man. “Just a game we play on our home planet that we think you’ll really enjoy.”

“Oh?! And what would that be? Gigantic jacks, or meteorite marbles? Look at my little noodle arms compared to your hulking rolls of fat! It’s clear who has got the size advantage no matter what we play!”

The door behind them quietly slid open as Shinobu made her way to Ataru’s side and embraced his shoulders.

“Please, Ataru. I don’t want to become a slave to ogres! Won’t you please at least try, for me?”

“No way! No how! I don’t want you becoming a slave to ogres either, but you can be my breeding slave any day! Our next date should probably be an outdoor date though...for...health reasons...”

He felt shinobu’s hands leave his shoulders. He felt them again tighten, but this time around his neck.

“You stupid, selfish prick. You’re always getting at me for my weight but never once think about why I got this chubby in the first place! I have been nothing but faithful to you and turn a blind eye to your constant cavorting and have nothing to do with my feelings except eat them! God, you can be so dense sometimes. Can’t you ever say something nice about me for once even when my life is on the line?”

“Y-your tits and ass got a lot...bigger...” Ataru choked out between the gaps of her chubby fingers. “I like...how juicy...you’ve become...But I’m just saying...*wheeze*...*you could stand to lose...a few pounds...”

“Oh, is it exercise for health reasons you're interested in? That works out even better! Just wait until you see who your opponent is in this little game of ours!”

An earth shattering boom echoed across the evening sky as a swirl of dark clouds began to descend. From within that inky blackness rays of otherworldly light pierced through as an alien craft began to descend. The entire Maroboshi household immediately stuck their faces to any available window in order to gaze upon what was coming their way.

The light fantastic, as though overhearing their inner thoughts, made its way from the outdoors and into the living room. It began to take shape, taking the form of a young woman in the same tiger print outfit as Mr Invader’s only fashioned into a more curve highlighting bikini.

Her long, aquamarine hair dazzled against her voluptuous frame which looked to spill right out of her almost naked body. She winked at Ataru seductively as she struck a pouty, sexy pose. Mr Invader grinned as he gestured his car sized hands towards the comparatively average sized young woman.

“Might I introduce your opponent, my daughter, Princess Lum.”



“Thank you for waiting, da-cha! I’m Lum and it’s so nice to meet you!”

The princess looked nothing at all like her father. Where Mr Invader could more or less be described as ‘strong fat’ and ‘ovular’, his daughter was a paragon of feminine curves. A big bust with flaring hips that all tapered down to a comparatively narrow waist were just what Ataru had been looking for. She even smelled nice and was polite to boot.

“I-it’s an oni-girl...” Shinobu stammered as she backed into a corner.

“A sexy one at that!” Ataru agreed, taking a few steps forward instead. “I wouldn’t mind being her breeding slave.”

“As you can see, my daughter is more than a fair match for you. All you have to do is grab her horns within ten days and you’ll have won.”

“Y-you mean I get to grab all...of that...with these hands?”

Ataru wiped away the rivulets of drool trickling from the corner of his mouth.

“That’s right! But only the horns count for winning. I believe you call it ‘demon tag’ in this country so you should already be familiar with the rules.”

Ataru’s fingers instinctively began to move as though in eager anticipation of their meaty prizes as he scanned her body over once more. Cute dainty feet housed in tiger print leggings made their way to her knees. Thick, meaty thighs with just enough gap framed the most risqué of micro miniskirts. The rolling curvature of her globular ass protruded in all the right places to form a perfect counterbalance for her voluminous chest. Her arms were toned and slender and her face was round, but still incredibly cute to further accentuate her plump lips and bedroom eyes as she playfully tossed her hair over her shoulder.

She was more or less everything that Shinobu was, but better in every way.

“I read between the lines.”

The old monk’s words rang through his ears. Years of skirtchasing had honed Ataru’s senses to unbelievably heightened states as he scanned over her once again. He narrowed his gaze further to further inspect the girl before him.

“Wait a second...”

He approached the alien woman from the side and watched as she automatically turned to face him. He moved to the other side and she again faced herself forward. Every which way he approached, she seemed determined to keep herself at just the right angle to meet his gaze.

“Look!” Ataru shouted as he pointed off to the side. “An old woman giving out a lifetime of free candy to new invader girls!”

“Oooh, where?!”

He honestly didn't think that would work. Lum immediately turned to the side revealing her profile to him. It was just as he had suspected.

“She's just as chubby as Shinobu!”

Unlike Ataru's girlfriend, the alien princess' outfit did very little to hide her figure. What looked like a perfectly flat belly from the front was clearly a little pooch of fatness that sagged just over the rim of her skirt. It was clear she had been holding it in as he could see it jiggle with a soft bounce as she eagerly scanned the living room for the sweets bearing, old lady.

“Scratch that, she's even fatter than Shinobu!”

Her long, aquamarine hair had curtained her chubby cheeks, betraying just how wide she really was. Upon closer inspection, he could see the red lines biting around her calves and back where her clothing was swallowed by burgeoning fatness.

“Well...looks wise, she takes after her mother, you see...” Mr Invader began sheepishly. “But, the weight problem kind of runs in my side of the family. I trust this shouldn't be a problem though...”

“Are you kidding me!? I may be a red blooded earth male but I've got standards! I draw a hard line at fat chicks even if they're alien or not!”

“Oh come on, you stuck up little prick!” The bearded older man interjected. “It's just a few pounds! I'm sure she'll grow out of it! Think of what's at stake here!”

“Steaks are the last thing she should be having!” Ataru pointed angrily at the princess. “She's already on her way to being a cow before I noticed her horns! Judging by her old man, the only thing she's going to grow into is ten times XL everything!”

“Now you see here,” Mr invader began, his tone far more stern and menacing. “I'll not have you refer to my daughter that way. My little angel is pleasingly plump at best and she's here to do you a courtesy. I strongly suggest you show her the same.”

“Uh-uh,” Ataru said firmly as he folded his arms. “No way, no how. Not until she tries to lose some wei-”

He groaned as he felt Shinobu’s open palm clamp onto his face and slam him to the floor. He could feel parts of his skull splinter beneath her iron grip.

“Now you see here, Mr high standards,” spoke Shinobu, her voice thick with venom. “It’s one thing to insult me but you had better show this girl and her dad some respect before they decide to call the whole thing off. You’re a spineless, lecherous bastard but you’re the world’s only hope and if that means you’re going to chase after a chubby girl, then by god you’re going to do it.”

Blood began to escape from his ears as her grip only tightened further.

“Are we clear?”

“C-crystal...”

“Good.”

She relaxed her death grip and allowed Ataru to sit back up. Unlike everyone else in the room staring daggers at him, the princess only gave an amused giggle.

“I assure you, even if I’m a bit chubby, I won’t be so easy to catch.”

Lum’s beaming smile was only further softened by her cuddly features. Ataru could feel the saliva still building at the back of his throat at the thought of those otherwise perfect curves as he audibly swallowed his feelings. The bearded man pulled him to one side.

“Look kid, consider this a handicap. If she’s chubby then she probably doesn’t get out much. This should be a snap for you to do in even one day, let alone ten! Just don’t piss off her old man any further, okay?”

Ataru sighed. He was entirely backed into a corner, both literally and figuratively. There was no getting out of it this time.

“Fine, so I’ve got ten days to grab her horns. The exercise ought to be good for her anyway. I guess I’ll do it...”

“About that,” Mr Invader coughed loudly. “Following your extremely poor conduct and lack of sportsmanship, I feel that these conditions ought to be modified a bit. It’s only fair, you know.”

The room went silent as an icy chill descended upon the humans within it.

“Don’t tell me, this is going to turn into some kind of eating contest? Your daughter really is fat enough as it is.”

Mr invader could feel his face go red with rage. His meaty fists balled at his side as he struggled to contain himself from pummeling the earth’s champion on the spot.

“You insolent brat! I was going to say that you had to apologize to her and call her cute, but instead, you’re going to have to take her out on nine straight dates AND catch her horns on the final day! Only the last attempt will count so I’m effectively reducing the earth’s chances of survival from ten to one!”

“My god, what have you done...” The bearded man said quietly as he sunk to his knees.

“Ataru! You’re literally the worst!” Shinobu shouted as she stormed out of the room.

Ataru clambered after her but was only met by the sliding door out of the living room slamming right in his face. He clenched his reddened features as they throbbed with stinging pain.

“W-why?! What did I do?! I was just trying to stop him from making a new condition in his daughter’s favor!”

He felt a chubby set of hands on his shoulders, this time not attempting to wring his neck or otherwise strangle him. The alien princess stood at his side, smiling serenely as she bent herself to his level. He could see the soft roll of her belly fat exaggerate itself further as it hung over the top of her micro miniskirt.

“I’ve never had an Earth date before! I look forward to spending the next few days with you!”